

It's great to be an American and live in a land that's free, I hope that we appreciate all that was done for you and me, I'm sure God played the biggest part when our ancestors across the sea, left there homes and all they had for this land of Liberty. My Great Grandmother must have been inspired and had a lot of faith to start on such a journey, after her husband was laid in his grave. I'm sure she listened to that still small voice that whispered in her ear, to tell her who to follow to bring her family here. I'm sure there wasn't a more beautiful place along there journey they could see. Than little Heber Valley It's America for me.

It wasn't just the war of independence alone that made this country great. It was hands, minds and faith of our ancestors inspired by God, and chosen by the spirit and had the courage to hang in there to accomplish what had to be done. They suffered such trials and tribulations as we have never known. Death, hunger, cold and heat with no relief from pain and suffering but they knew in their hearts what the heavenly Father had sent them to do. It was great men and women with courage and faith who worked with their hands and hearts to make this Country great.

When I was a little girl, It was a happy fun time for me when my Dad would say I could go to Heber with him. Sometimes he would take the whole family and that meant eight of us. I really thought we were going far far away when we went from Center Creek to Heber. He would tie the team of horses to the old hitching post in front of the old mercantile.

Just across the street, about where Dr Green's office is now, was a Blacksmith Shop. The man who owned it was Mr. Johnston. He was a large man, and as a little girl I thought he was the strongest man in all the world.

We would get out of the wagon ( or White top ) which ever, and go stand in front of the big wide door that opened almost onto the side walk. We would watch the fire he had going in the shop, and watch the sparks fly when he would weld. It was so hot in there the sweat would just run from his face. Of course there was no air conditioning in those days. That to me was the most interesting place in Heber. I'm sure I could have watched him work for hours and never tired.

Then when I was old enough to go to school I heard the poem of "The Village Blacksmith" and of course I was sure it had been written for Mr. Johnston, because it was just like him.

